ACES HIGH

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NO. 4
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THE GREEN KIDS

YOU'D READ ABOUT IT IN BOOKS. YOU'D EXPECTED IT. WAR MEANT DEATH. BUT THAT WASN'T THE WAY YOU SAW IT BACK IN JUNE, 1918. YOU WERE MAJOR JOSEPH CASWELL THEN. YOU WERE FLIGHT LEADER OF THE 87TH AERO, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES. YOU WERE AN EXPERIENCED COMBAT PILOT. YOU KNEW THE SCORE. BUT EVERY DAY YOU'D TAKE UP THOSE KIDS...THOSE KIDS STILL WET BEHIND THEIR EARS...THOSE KIDS WITH DEW STILL IN THEIR EYES ...THOSE KIDS WITH ONLY FIVE HOURS SOLO...THOSE GREEN KIDS!

EVERY DAY, YOU'D WATCH THEIR SPADS SHUDDER UNDER FOKKER CROSSFIRE, AND PLUMMET EARTHWARD. AND AS YOU'D EVEN THE SCORE, YOU'D SHAKE YOUR HEAD...

FIRST McCALL! N-NOW BANTON! I... I'M *SICK!* WHAT'S THE GOOD OF SENDING THEM *UP?* THEIR BOOTS ARE STILL CAKED WITH THE MUD OF *KELLY FIELD!* *FIVE HOURS SOLO*... AND THEY PIN *WINGS* ON THEIR CHESTS!

EVERY DAY, YOU'D TAKE YOUR TOLL OF BOCHE PLANES, YES! BUT YOUR HEART WOULD GO OUT TO THOSE GREEN KIDS...

THE ONLY WINGS *THEY* WIND UP WITH ARE THE ONES *VON WESTAU'S* FLYING CIRCUS PAINTS ON ITS *SCOREBOARD!* THEY DON'T TURN OUT *PILOTS* FROM ISSOUDON AND KELLY. THEY TURN OUT *PROSPECTIVE GERMAN VICTORIES!*

AND EVERY DAY, AFTER THE DAWN PATROL, YOU'D REPORT TO THE SQUADRON C.O., LIEUTENANT COLONEL JACK ROSS...

WELL, BUTCHER! YOU DID IT AGAIN! SAME AS YESTERDAY! LOST THREE! CORRECTION! *MURDERED* THREE!

SPARE ME THE USUAL DRAMATICS, CASWELL! WHO WENT DOWN?

WHO *USUALLY* GOES DOWN?! THE *GREEN* KIDS! THE *PLEDGIES* IN THE *HUN VICTORY* FRATERNITY! BANTON! McCALL! O'HARA! YOU COULD HAVE CHALKED THEIR NAMES OFF *BEFORE* THEY WENT UP!

VERY WELL! WE'LL REPLACE THEM BY TOMORROW!

REPLACE THEM WITH *WHAT?!* WITH KIDS WHO DON'T KNOW A *STICK* FROM A *STRUT?!* WITH KIDS WHO DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* EXCEPT HOW TO GET THEMSELVES *SHOT DOWN!?*

I'M *AWARE* OF YOUR ATTITUDE, CASWELL! THAT'LL BE ALL!

THAT'S *NOT* ALL! *YOU* DON'T HAVE TO *WATCH* THEM PULL BONER AFTER BONER! THINGS ANY *EXPERIENCED* PILOT KNOWS IS *SHEER SUICIDE!*

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR *BREATH,* CASWELL! I SAID THAT'LL BE *ALL!*

AND I SAID THAT'S *NOT* ALL! GO AHEAD! *BUST* ME FOR ALL I CARE! I'D *WELCOME* IT! I'D WELCOME *ANYTHING* SO'S NOT TO HAVE TO PLAY UNDERTAKER TO A PACK OF GREEN KIDS!

YOU'LL GET YOUR REPLACEMENTS IN THE MORNING! *DISMISSED* CASWELL!

WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF, ANYWAY, ROSS? GRANITE ON THE OUTSIDE? ICE WATER ON THE INSIDE? DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT THE GREEN KIDS YOU SEND UP? DON'T THOSE NAMES YOU CROSS OUT DISTURB YOUR SLEEP?
YOU'RE DIS-MISSED, CASWELL!
NO CONSCIENCE, EH, ROSS? BANTON, O'HARA, McCALL... THEY'RE JUST STATISTICS, EH? PICK UP THE PHONE AND ORDER THREE MORE DUCKS TO SEND UP FOR VON WESTAU'S BOYS TO HUNT TOMORROW!
I SAID YOU'RE DIS-MISSED, CASWELL! GET OUT!
AND EVERY DAY, YOU'D "GET OUT" YOU'D SLAM OUT OF THE C.O.'S OFFICE, MUTTERING, AND YOU'D HEAR HIM ON THE PHONE...
YES, COLONEL?
ORDER THREE REPLACE-MENTS FROM HEADQUAR-TERS AT AIX-LE-MAINS!, AND TELL THE OFFICERS' MESS TO SET THREE PLATES LESS...
AND EVERY EVENING, IN THE DINING ROOM, YOU'D STARE AT THOSE EMPTY SEATS, AND YOU'D PUSH AWAY YOUR FOOD, AND YOU'D WATCH ROSS AND WONDER HOW HE DID IT...
S'MATTER, CAS? YOU'RE NOT EATING- STOMACH TROUBLE?
YEAH! A BELLY-FULL! I KEEP SEEING EMPTY SEATS! I'M ALWAYS SEEING EMPTY SEATS! DON'T YOU EVER SEE EMPTY SEATS, COLONEL?
I SEE THEM, CASWELL!
YOU DON'T EAT AS IF YOU SEE THEM, COLONEL! YOU SEEM TO HAVE AN APPETITE! I COULD NEVER UNDER-STAND HOW A BUTCHER COULD SIT DOWN AT A TABLE AFTER A DAY OF...
YOU'RE BECOMING ABUSIVE, CASWELL!
COOK
GOOD! CONFINE ME TO QUARTERS! LOCK ME UP IN SOLITARY! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN TAKING YOUR JERRY-FODDER UP IN THE MORNING FOR YOU!
YOU MAY LEAVE THE TABLE, CASWELL!
THANKS, COLONEL! AND ENJOY YOUR MEAL! DIGEST IT! SLEEP ON IT! DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU THAT THE GREEN KIDS WHO EAT BREAKFAST WITH YOU EVERY MORNING NEVER SHOW UP FOR SUPPER...
JUST BE ON THE TARMAC AT FIVE, CASWELL! THAT'S AN ORDER!

BUT EVERY MORNING AT FIVE, YOU'D BE THERE... ON THE TARMAC... AND YOU'D GO THROUGH THE SAME ACT AGAIN... GREETING THOSE KIDS... THOSE GREEN KIDS...

LIEUTENANTS GOODSON, BRYANT AND DEVITO REPORTING, SIR! ANY LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS?

INSTRUCTIONS?! COULD YOU FOLLOW THEM? WHAT DID YOU HAVE? *FIVE HOURS SOLO?*

YES, SIR...

BUT THAT MORNING... THAT ONE MORNING... IT WAS DIFFERENT...

LOOK! *STICK CLOSE TO ME* AND *DO NOTHING!* MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE *SUPPER* HERE AS *WELL* AS BREAKFAST!

B-BUT, SIR! WE'RE *TRAINED PILOTS!* WE CAME HERE EXPECTING *ACTION!*

ACTION!? AFTER *FIVE HOURS SOLO!?* YOU DUMB SQUIRTS! YOU *STICK CLOSE TO ME* AND *DO NOTHING* OR I'LL HAVE YOU *COURT-MARTIALED* WHEN WE GET BACK! *UNDERSTAND!?*

Y-YES, SIR...

YES! THAT MORNING WAS DIFFERENT... DIFFERENT IN A LOT OF WAYS...

HERE COMES A JERRY! HE'S EYING ME! THE FOX KNOWS THE MOTHER HEN KEEPS THE CHICKS CLOSE TO HER WINGS!

BLAST 'IM! HE'S PRYING ME LOOSE FROM THE *KIDS!* I... I HOPE THOSE NITWITS HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO *FOLLOW* ME!

THE *FOOLS!* THE *CRAZY FOOLS!* THEY'RE *CHARGING* THE KRAUT! THEY'RE...

THEY'RE BEING SUCKED INTO A *TRAP!*

THEY CAME OUT OF THE SUN, THEN. THE REST OF VON WESTAU'S CIRCUS. THEY CAME DOWN WITH SPANDAU GUNS BLAZING, TRAPPING THE KIDS IN THEIR WICKED CROSSFIRE...

ZOOM, KIDS! ZOOM!

BUT YOU SAW THEM COMING AND YOU CLIMBED AND BANKED SHARPLY...

BRYANT'S IN THE WORST TROUBLE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

YOU PICKED OFF THE FOKKER ON BRYANT'S TAIL AND LOOKED AROUND. DE VITO'S SPAD WAS SCREAMING EARTHWARD. GOODSON WAS DESPERATELY TRYING TO SHAKE TWO JERRYS...

LATER, IN COLONEL ROSS'S SHACK, YOU SCRATCHED DE VITO'S NAME, SNARLING...

DE VITO'S GONE, BUT YOU KRAUTS'LL GET THE OTHER TWO KIDS OVER MY DEAD BODY! HOLD ON, GOODSON! I'M COMING!

WE'RE IMPROVING! ONLY ONE LOSS TODAY! BRYANT AND GOODSON ARE ALIVE THANKS TO MY TAKING MY LIFE IN MY HANDS!

DON'T BE SO PROUD, CASWELL! THE EXPERIENCED SHOULD PROTECT THE INEXPERIENCED!

WE WOULDN'T HAVE INEXPERIENCED PILOTS IF THESE KIDS CAME TO US PROPERLY TRAINED... WITH 50 INSTEAD OF 5 HOURS SOLO! YOU DON'T SEE SO MANY CASUALTIES AMONG OUR OLD HANDS...

KEEP PROTECTING BRYANT AND GOODSON AND THEY'LL BECOME OLD HANDS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT! YOU SIT HERE SHUFFLING PAPERS AND SIGNING ORDERS! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TAKE THOSE KIDS UP AND TRY TO PROTECT THEM!

I SERVED MY TIME IN THE AIR, CASWELL!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING? REVOLT! SEND THEM BACK! RAISE A SCANDAL!

MAYBE YOU CAN, CASWELL! YOU'RE THE 87TH'S NEW C.O.!

YES! THAT MORNING WAS DIFFERENT. YOU JUST STOOD THERE... SPEECHLESS...

SO LET'S SEE HOW *YOU* HANDLE THE PROBLEM! *I'VE* BEEN ORDERED TO A.E.F. HEADQUARTERS IN *PARIS!* THE 87TH IS *YOURS* NOW! THAT'S *RIGHT! READ THIS...*

THE COMMUNIQUE WAS PRECISE. IT WAS ALL TRUE. ROSS HAD BEEN RELIEVED. YOU WERE SQUADRON COMMANDER NOW...

CASWELL! YOU'VE INSULTED ME AND CURSED ME SINCE THE DAY YOU JOINED THE 87TH. I NEVER PENALIZED YOU BECAUSE I FELT SOMEDAY *YOUR* TURN WOULD COME! WELL, *PUNISHMENT TIME IS HERE!*

ROSS GATHERED HIS COAT AND CAP AND STRODE OUT OF THE C.O.'S SHACK. AS THE MOTORCYCLE GUNNED OFF, HE SHOUTED BACK FROM THE SIDECAR...

AND I HOPE *YOU* HAVE A FLIGHT LEADER ON *YOUR* NECK 24 HOURS A DAY LIKE *YOU* WERE ON *MINE!*

IF YOU THINK *I'M* GOING TO BE LIKE *YOU* WERE, *GUESS AGAIN,* ROSS!

YOU WATCHED THE CYCLE CLOUD OFF AND THEN YOU STAMPED INSIDE AND PUT A CALL THROUGH TO HEADQUARTERS AT AIX-LE-MAINS. DIRECT TO THE REPLACEMENT CENTER'S C.O., COLONEL WINTERS...

COLONEL WINTERS? THIS IS MAJOR JOE CASWELL... THE 87TH'S NEW C.O. I'M CALLING FOR *TWO REPLACEMENTS!* AND IF YOU'RE GOING TO SEND ANY MORE *FIVE HOUR SOLO KIDS... DON'T! I WON'T FLY THEM!*

YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE *ROSS!*

ROSS!?

THAT'S *RIGHT!* ROSS TRIED TO MOVE *HEAVEN* AND *EARTH* TO PREVENT GREEN PILOTS FROM BEING SENT UP! HE FOUGHT IT DOWN THE LINE FROM *PARIS* TO *WASHINGTON!* HE *GOT NOWHERE!* NEITHER WILL *YOU!* SO SAVE *YOUR BREATH* AND *MY TIME!*

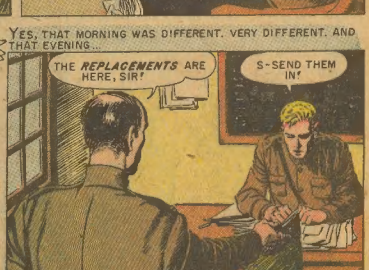
ROSS... TRIED...?!

HE WENT *CRAZY* TRYING! SO KNOCK IT OFF, CASWELL! WE'RE DOING OUR JOB AS BEST WE CAN HERE! SO YOU DO YOURS THERE!

YES, THAT MORNING WAS DIFFERENT. VERY DIFFERENT. AND THAT EVENING...

THE *REPLACEMENTS* ARE HERE, SIR!

S-SEND THEM IN!



THAT EVENING, YOU KNEW WHAT ROSS WENT THROUGH EVERY DAY... WHEN THOSE KIDS CAME IN...THOSE KIDS STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS...THOSE GREEN KIDS...

FIVE HOURS SOLO?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! THAT'S ALL ANY OF US GET! EVERYBODY KNOWS WE'RE NEEDED IN A HURRY! WHEN DO WE FLY, SIR?

T-TOMORROW! CAPTAIN VICKS WILL TAKE YOU UP ON THE MORNING PATROL! SEE YOU AT BREAKFAST...

YES, SIR!

THANK YOU, SIR!

YES, THAT EVENING YOU KNEW WHAT ROSS MUST HAVE REALLY FELT LIKE...

...BUT... BUT WILL I SEE YOU AT SUPPER? ...CHOKE...

BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL SEVERAL WEEKS LATER THAT YOU LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE. ONE AFTERNOON, THE DOOR TO YOUR SHACK OPENED...

HOW ARE YOU, YOU OLD BUTCHER?

ROSS! J-JACK! I...I... I'M... GLAD TO SEE YOU, JACK! SIT DOWN...

HOW'S VICKS BEEN TREATING YOU, CASWELL? TURNING INTO A CONSCIENCE FOR YOU LIKE YOU WERE FOR ME?

WORSE! HE WON'T LET UP! I...I LEARNED A GREAT DEAL WHEN I STEPPED INTO YOUR SHOES, JACK! AND VICKS WILL GET HIS CHANCE!

THOUGHT I'D STOP BY TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING, JOE! SOME JERRY PILOTS THE FRENCH BOYS CAPTURED OVER NEAR THE MARNE. THEY'RE FROM VON WESTAU'S CIRCUS!

GOOD... GOOD HEAVENS, JACK! THEY... THEY'RE KIDS!

THAT'S RIGHT! GREEN KIDS! THEY EACH HAD THREE HOURS SOLO WHEN THEY CAME UP! IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES, CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT VON WESTAU GOES THROUGH?

THE END...

Now! Turn Your Waste Gas Into SUPER POWER!

IT'S TRUE! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration . . . jack-rabbit starts . . . blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years—*simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!*

You can get performance from your present car that will make your friends gasp with astonishment—*and you can save $25, $50, even $75 a year on gas bills alone doing it!*

Yes! You, *yourself* can fit this amazing GASOLINE ATOMIZER on to your car in as little as 20 *easy minutes! And it is guaranteed to pay you back your full purchase price, in gas savings alone, in the first 3 to 6 short months that you use it. Here's why!*

By RICHARD JOHNS

Mr. Car Owner! How would you like to have the driving thrill of your life next weekend?

Picture this yourself! Next weekend you go down to your car—the same tired car that you've been driving for years. You've made only one small change to that car, so easy that your 16-year-old son could do it! But now, when you turn on the ignition, *a modern miracle of engineering scientist comes to life under your hood!*

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the difference in that engine. That engine will burn with new, throbbing power. When you release the emergency brake, your car will glide out of its parking space . . . roll down the street with your foot hardly touching the pedal. Every 30 or 40 seconds, you'll give that car an extra shot of gas . . . feeling it spurt ahead, to leash the new power that's singing underneath your foot!

We ask you to pull up to another car at the stop light, of approximately the same year and make as your own! Wait that the light changes from red to green. Let the other car start first. Wait till the other car gets half way across the street. *And then slam your foot down on the gas pedal!*

Before that other car has even crossed the street, you will have caught up with it. You'll phut-phut second, you and that other car will race fender to fender. And then you will flash past them. . . . you will leave him a full block behind! . . . you will look in your rear view mirror and see the startled look of amazement in the other driver's eyes!

TEST THIS NEW POWER A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS!

But this is just the beginning! That this equipment for one full month—entirely at our risk! Test it on the hottest day of the year! Let it flash away from other cars . . . spurt in the steepest hills . . . *actually pass other cars in 2, 4, 6 and even 8 seconds!* . . . *Do things you could have done formerly!*

Test this equipment in long, strenuous drives! *See the enormous gas savings it gives you at high speeds!* Prove to yourself that at 50 . . . 60 . . . 70 miles an hour, *your foot is still half way up on the pedal!* Prove that have all the reserve power you need to get out of any emergency on the highway!

Yes, and test this equipment on steep hills! Prove to yourself that it gives you the instant acceleration you need to get out in front of the crowd . . . *with far more gas than you're using today!* Prove to yourself that it can actually save you $25 to $50 to $75 a year! . . . *that every single year . . . that it will make you a better, safer driver, in gas savings alone, during the first 3 to 6 short months—or your full money back!*

HOW DOES THIS PRODUCT GIVE YOU SUCH TREMENDOUS NEW POWER?

And you get all this performance—and more—from a small, polished metal cylinder made from aluminum that you can hold in your hand! How is it?

Gasoline in its liquid form is not explosive. If you accidentally drop a lighted match into a bucket full of gasoline, the chances are 10 to 1 that that gasoline will actually *put out* that match. *But simply mix that same bucket full of gas with the proper amount of air, and you will have enough explosive power to drive a ten ton truck!*

The main purpose of this machine is to SUPER-MIX SUPER-VAPORIZE your gas in exactly the right proportions the hidden power out of that gas. To mix that gas with just the right volumes of air! To make that gas *more explosive in the engine of your car!*

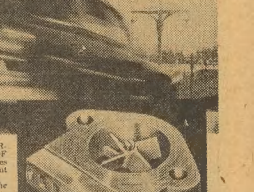
No wonder men have paid up to $600 for Supercharger units! We are offering you on this page is a MINI-SUPERCHARGER—easier to install—less expensive! But still the only power product you can buy that will these tremendous advantages:

1. You can install it yourself, in just 30 minutes, even if you never picked up a tool before in your life! No $10, $15 or $20 mechanic's bills! No drilling, no grinding of any kind! You never even touch the inside of your engine!

2. It never needs further adjustments, for the full lifetime of your car! Nothing to go out of order or break down on the highway. Completely guaranteed for 20 years!

3. It takes up no room in your car! . . . makes no "cripped-up" node! No shifting around of engine parts. No "hot rod" noises to cause embarrassment!

SO EASY TO INSTALL THAT EVEN YOUR 16-YEAR-OLD SON CAN DO IT!



No wonder dozens of leading car magazines call this the "money-saving discovery of the year." *Test this amazing gas-saver yourself—without risking a penny! THE THRILLING FACTS ARE ON THIS PAGE!*

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Step 1. Open your hood. Locate Air Cleaner and Carburetor Unit that sits smack on top of your engine. *Simply take an ordinary* wrench and loosen the two or three bolts that hold carburetor to the engine!

Step 2. Lift up the carburetor. Put MINI-SUPERCHARGER unit in place. *What could be easier!*

Step 3. Replace carburetor. *Now turn on your engine! And then get in and take the most thrilling drive of your life!*

TRY IT ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

This MINI-SUPER-CHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,026,937) sells for only $8.95 for most six-cylinder cars and only $11.95 for most eight-cylinder cars. This is *your total cost—there is no installation fee!* And, most important of all, *we guarantee that you will save this full purchase in gas bills alone—in the first 3 to 6 months that you own this device!*

You have nothing to lose! Try this equipment entirely at our risk. It must give you a whole new world of driving pleasure and economy or your full money back! Act today!

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
400 MADISON AVE. DEPT.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

WE GUARANTEE YOUR GAS SAVINGS!

Use the guarantee section of this page. It authorizes you to try this amazing new MINI-SUPERCHARGER for a full four months, ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! Test it under all sorts of conditions—on steep hills—on your steepest grades—STEP ON THE GAS! IF THE MONEY THAT YOU PAID FOR THIS DEVICE DOES NOT COME BACK WITH INTEREST IN GAS SAVINGS in the first four months, it is probably the most amazing offer in car history! You have nothing to lose. ACT TODAY!

Eugene Stevens, Pres.

Eugene Stevens, Pres.

YES! THIS AMAZING "MINI-SUPER-CHARGER" BOOSTS THE POWER OF YOUR ENGINE AS MUCH AS 25% Gives you the gas economy you've dreamed about for years! *Here's why!*

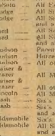
This Power Booster works on exactly the same principle as superchargers selling for as high as $600. Its whirlwind propeller (A) breaks up the raw, unburnt gas that your engine is wasting today . . . gives you up to 25% more engine-driving power from every drop! Its emergency breather valve (B) forces huge quantities of fresh air into your engine . . . forces that engine to breath deeper . . . push harder . . . pole up more mileage from every gallon you buy! It gives you A TREMENDOUS NEW BURST OF MONEY-SAVING POWER, just when you need it most—when you flash away from traffic . . . shoot up steep hills . . . pick up speed on the open highways!

FREE!

UP TO $3 RETAIL VALUE! UP TO 2 TO 4 MILES MORE PER GALLON INSTANTLY, SAY THOUSANDS OF USERS.

THIS is a gift that is worth a solid piece of automotive sculpture, in fact, you will THAN A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $3 a set for these amazing *Air Blast Nozzles on their cars!* *Our cost is 25c a set! Our offer is for a limited period for this one advertisement only, or, on offer less than cost, we cannot make a FREE gift, even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!*

1. They fit onto the carburetor of your car, without replacing the standard-fitting Adjustment Screw. If you have a six-cylinder car, then you will need only one of the Air Blast Nozzles (regular retail price $1.50). If you have an eight-cylinder car, then you will need two nozzles (regular retail price $3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old screw and put on the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You can never lockout your hood before, you can do it in 60 seconds, and without getting your hands dirty! Without even getting your hands dirty!



2. The shape of these Air Blast Nozzles is so TOP-STYLE that your friends will think you STOP AND GO DRIVING . . . and that you have gone 2 to 4 miles a gallon. If you use your car on the highway, then you will find that it will be almost as much a shock when they see before you! It looks the day you first drove your brand-new car! And of course, at the speed you drive, you will be more, proper performance and gas-saving efficiency! . . . Gas-saving efficiency!

REMEMBER, THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET THESE AMAZING AIR BLAST NOZZLES AS A FREE GIFT—a gift that is worth as much as $3 for one—and a gift that is yours to keep even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!

But you must act today! Our supply of these Air Blast Nozzles will only last one time so this bargain simply cannot be repeated! ACT TODAY! And this gift is yours! *BUT ACT TODAY!*

MINI-SUPERCHARGER PRICE LIST

Buick	All Models	$11.95
Cadillac	All Models	11.95
Chevrolet	All Models — 1935	9.95
Chrysler	Six's and Eight's up to 1941	9.95
	Six's and Eight's after '41	11.95
Dodge	All Six's	9.95
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Ford	All Six's to 1941	9.95
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EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER *entirely at your risk!* Please send me the precision-made model that fits my car. I will pay postman only ..... (see price list for all models at left), plus low C.O.D. charges. I understand that this item is completely guaranteed. It must give me improved performance and gas economy, or, if it must save me $25 in gas bills in the first 3 to 6 months, it must save me at least as much of its cost in the first 3 months, or I will send it back and my money back!

Also send me as your Extra Gift Premium, the Air Blast Nozzle Set, free as a gift! If not completely satisfied, I will return the MINI-SUPER-CHARGER, but keep the nozzles!

MAKE OF CAR ..... please print

YEAR ..... NUMBER OF CYLINDERS .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ CHECK HERE TO SAVE MORE! Enclose cash, check or money order, and we pay all postage and handling charges! You save 67¢. Same money-back guarantee, of course!

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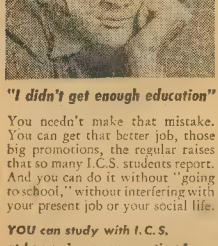
CAN YOU PROFIT BY THEIR MISTAKES?



"I didn't get enough education"

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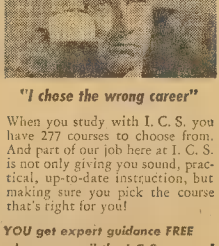

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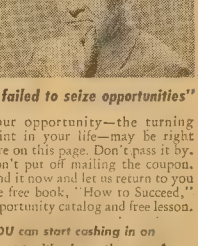

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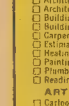

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PROP WASH

Dear Editors,

Truly, I cannot find words for this wonderful new mag of yours. As you have always done in the past, so have you done now, and I'm sure you'll continue to do in the future. You have turned out the most beautiful piece of work I have ever seen and read. Since I am nuts about flying and planes, your mag has really touched my heart.

Lou Mari
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . For once, the golden age of flight lives on in your magazine. You have brought back the men in planes of an almost forgotten era.

Wayne R. Klatt
(No address given)

. . . I have read your ACES HIGH magazine. It's terrific. In our family, everyone reads it . . . from six to sixty. I served with the Air Force during the second World War, was and still am very much interested in flying. I can remember when my grandfather used to seat me on his lap to tell me his stories of World War I, very much the same as those in ACES HIGH.

George Silk
Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . I would like to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine, ACES HIGH. I find in it entertaining and authentic stories of the most glorious air war in history. I am an aviation enthusiast, and rarely find mistakes in your technical data. Your cover drawings by Evans are superb.

Douglas Randall
Rockmart, Ga.

. . . A comic mag such as yours has long been needed.

Stan Gibson
Omaha, Neb.

. . . The best aviation stories I ever read!

Bob Smith
Millersville, Pa.

. . . ACES HIGH is great . . . a dream come true.

Bill Ottenger
N. Augusta, S. C.

. . . It should interest you to know that until I read ACES HIGH I never liked books on airplanes. I think your stories and the pictures that go with them are simply marvelous.

Ronny Michalski
Chicago, Ill.

. . . I have never read anything on planes like this magazine.

Roy Kafrath
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I have just finished reading ACES HIGH. All I can say is, you've outdone yourselves! I love you.

Sam Cornell
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . You have come out with many fine magazines, but this one, above all the others, will be the top mag.

This time, you have really hit the nail on the head with ACES HIGH.

Gerry Odette
Wyandotte, Mich.

. . . I enjoy your ACES HIGH immensely. It is sure a delight to read authentic stories of the first world war. The drawings are excellent. Mr. George Evans is great.

Ronald M. Donaldson
Chicago, Ill.

. . . My main interest in airplanes has always been in propellor-driven fighters. Therefore, I took to your mag immediately.

Fred Wadell
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . I have always wished for such an illustrated book, and you have made my wish come true.

Bill Davenport
Ingalls, N. C.

. . . Never before in any magazine have I seen such realistic airplane drawings.

Clyde Campbell
Mineral Wells, Texas

. . . The comic book that has taken them all, for my money, is ACES HIGH. I've never read anything so adventurous and exciting as this mag. It not only gives you thrilling action, page after page, but also gives you the feelings of men who were courageous in their deeds.

Joseph Beckett
Corning, New York

. . . Of all the stories I have read, I enjoy World War I aviation stories the best. And of all the World War I aviation stories I have read, I enjoy ACES HIGH's the best.

Bert Steele, Jr.
Mobile, Ala.

. . . Never enjoyed a comic book more.

Bob Donovan
Lynn, Mass.

. . . Your competitors will be tearing their hair out trying to top this one.

Wayne D. Komer
Ontario, Canada

. . . ACES HIGH is, in my opinion, the crowning glory of E.C.

Phil Pospychala
Chicago, Ill.

Well, that's about all the room we have for this issue. For you fans who have been requesting World War II air stories, and air combat stories of other eras, we start them in issue 5. There's to be a "Flying Tiger" story and a story on the 8th Air Force in England in that issue.

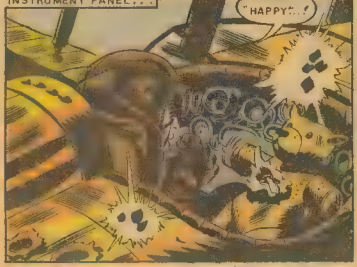
Let's hear from the rest of you on what you think and what you feel about ACES HIGH. Compliment, criticize, suggest. We're in business to please you. If we don't, we're out of business. The address is:

The Editors
Aces High
Room 705, Dept. 4
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

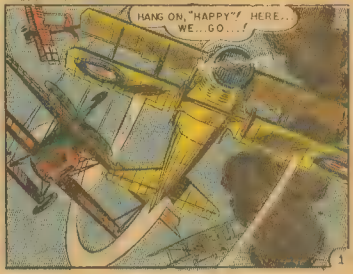
THE GOOD LUCK PIECE

JUNE, 1918: THE SKY OVER NO-MAN'S-LAND WAS BOILING THAT AFTERNOON... A SEETHING CAULDRON OF ROARING SPADS AND THUNDERING FOKKERS...OF WHINING STEEL AND THE SHARP STACCATTO OF MACHINE GUNS. NOW AND THEN, A HEAVY BLAST WOULD REND THE AIR AND A GREAT PUFF OF SMOKE WOULD RISE... A BLACK CLOUD AGAINST THE CLEAR BLUE SKY... AS SOME LINEN-CLAD SHIP WOULD EXPLODE INTO A MILLION FIERY FRAGMENTS. SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DOG FIGHT, A SPAD ZOOMED WILDLY. AND ON ITS TAIL, A FOKKER SCREAMED, ITS SPANDAU GUNS CHATTERING. HOT METAL TORE INTO BUDDY WILSON'S WRITHING PLANE...

...SLUGS SANG PAST THE AMERICAN LIEUTENANT'S EAR. SOME CHONKED INTO THE S. XIII'S WOODEN FRAME. THE LITTLE FUZZY FORM, SQUEEZED INTO THE SEAT BESIDE WILSON, LEAPED LIKE A LIVING THING... AGAINST THE INSTRUMENT PANEL...



BUDDY REACHED OUT AND SNATCHED THE STUFFED TEDDY BEAR... HIS GOOD LUCK PIECE... HE SAW THAT IT HAD BEEN RIPPED OPEN BY BOCHE BULLETS. WILSON'S EYES CLOUDED... CLOUDED WITH RAGE...



BUDDY STICKED BACK OUT OF HIS ZOOM. HE CLIMBED INTO A TIGHT LOOP AND CAME DOWN BEHIND THE STARTLED JERRY, WHO, A MOMENT BEFORE, HAD BEEN THE DEADLY HUNTER. NOW, SUDDENLY, HE WAS THE HUNTED! BUDDY PATTED THE WOUNDED TOY WHICH WAS AGAIN ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM...

THE YOUNG AMERICAN LIEUTENANT CAUGHT THE FOKKER IN HIS SIGHTS. HE SQUEEZED THE TRIPS. THE TWIN VICKERS BARKED, AND AN INCENDIARY STREAM OF STEEL VANISHED INTO THE BLACK-CROSSED SHIP AHEAD...

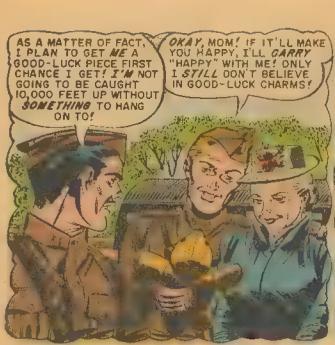
THE D. XII FOKKER NOSED OVER SUDDENLY, ITS STRUTWIRES WHINING, LEAVING A WAKE OF SCARLET FLAME. BUDDY FOLLOWED IT DOWN TO MAKE SURE... THEN HE CLIMBED TO REJOIN THE FRAY. BUT THE BOCHE HAD VANISHED FROM THE SKY BY THEN, AND HIS COMRADES WERE WINGING THEIR WAY HOME...

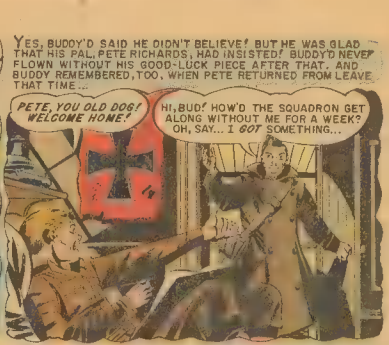
HE REVVED UP HIS HISPANO-SUIZA ENGINE AND CLOSED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIS S.XIII AND THE REST OF THE SQUADRON. AND THERE WAS PETE... GRINNING AND WAVING *HIS* GOOD LUCK PIECE... THE BLUE SATIN GARTER WITH THE PINK ROSE ON IT. BUDDY HELD UP HIS RIPPED TEDDY BEAR FOR PETE TO SEE...

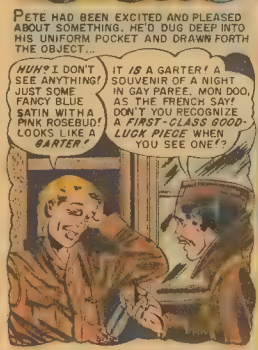
BUDDY LOOKED AT HIS FLUFFY BROWN CHARM, NOW LOSING ITS STUFFING IN THE WIND. HE LOOKED AT THE LONG RIP THROUGH IT MADE BY A BOCHE SPANDAU SLUG, AND A FLOOD OF MEMORIES CROWDED INTO BUDDY'S MIND...

BUDDY REMEMBERED HOW "HAPPY" CAME TO FRANCE... HOW HIS MOTHER HAD BROUGHT THE STUFFED BEAR TO THE TRAINING FIELD OUTSIDE PARIS... ALL THE WAY FROM PHILADELPHIA...

PETE HAD BEEN THERE AT THE TIME, AND BUDDY'D BEEN EMBARRASSED...

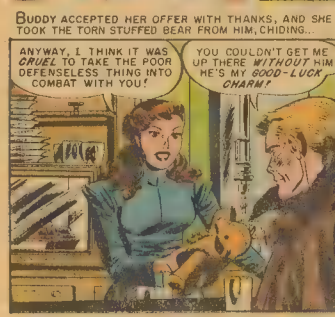

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I PLAN TO GET ME A GOOD-LUCK PIECE FIRST CHANCE I GET! I'M NOT GOING TO BE CAUGHT 10,000 FEET UP WITHOUT SOMETHING TO HANG ON TO!
OKAY, MOM! IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, I'LL CARRY "HAPPY" WITH ME! ONLY I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IN GOOD-LUCK CHARMS!

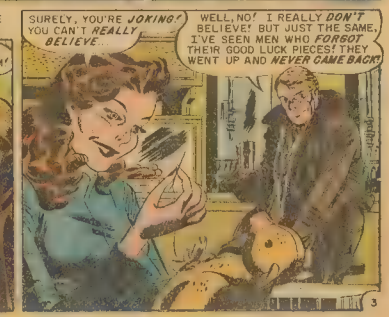

YES, BUDDY'D SAID HE DIDN'T BELIEVE! BUT HE WAS GLAD THAT HIS PAL, PETE RICHARDS, HAD INSISTED! BUDDY'D NEVER FLOWN WITHOUT HIS GOOD-LUCK PIECE AFTER THAT. AND BUDDY REMEMBERED, TOO, WHEN PETE RETURNED FROM LEAVE THAT TIME...
PETE, YOU OLD DOG! WELCOME HOME!
HI, BUD! HOW'D THE SQUADRON GET ALONG WITHOUT ME FOR A WEEK? OH, SAY... I GOT SOMETHING...


PETE HAD BEEN EXCITED AND PLEASED ABOUT SOMETHING. HE'D DUG DEEP INTO HIS UNIFORM POCKET AND DRAWN FORTH THE OBJECT...
HUH? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING! JUST SOME FANCY BLUE SATIN WITH A PINK ROSEBUD! LOOKS LIKE A GARTER!
IT IS A GARTER! A SOUVENIR OF A NIGHT IN GAY PARÉE, MON DOO, AS THE FRENCH SAY! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE A FIRST-CLASS GOOD-LUCK PIECE WHEN YOU SEE ONE?

AND THE MEMORIES FILLED BUDDY WILSON WITH A WARMTH... AN AFFECTION KNOWN ONLY TO MEN WHO LIVE AND FIGHT AND MAYBE DIE TOGETHER...
ME AND YOU, "HAP", AND PETE AND HIS FANCY GARTER! WE'LL COME OUT OF THIS WHOLE THING AS LONG AS WE STICK TOGETHER! WON'T WE?

THERE WAS HOT COFFEE AND SINKERS WAITING AT THE CANTEEN WHEN THE SQUADRON LANDED... AND THAT PRETTY RED CROSS VOLUNTEER...
YEAH, I COULD EAT SOMETHING... BUT "HAPPY" HERE COULDN'T HOLD MUCH RIGHT NOW! IT WAS A CLOSE ONE! A FEW INCHES OVER AND I'D LOOK LIKE THAT!
WHY THE POOR THING! WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SEW HIM UP?


BUDDY ACCEPTED HER OFFER WITH THANKS, AND SHE TOOK THE TORN STUFFED BEAR FROM HIM, CHIDING...
ANYWAY, I THINK IT WAS CRUEL TO TAKE THE POOR DEFENSELESS THING INTO COMBAT WITH YOU!
YOU COULDN'T GET ME UP THERE WITHOUT HIM! HE'S MY GOOD-LUCK CHARM!


SURELY, YOU'RE JOKING! YOU CAN'T REALLY BELIEVE...
WELL, NO! I REALLY DON'T BELIEVE! BUT JUST THE SAME, I'VE SEEN MEN WHO FORGOT THEIR GOOD LUCK PIECES! THEY WENT UP AND NEVER CAME BACK!

THE RED CROSS GIRL STOPPED SEWING! SHE LOOKED AT BUDDY WITH A TOLERANT SMILE, AS IF HE WERE AN ERRING CHILD...

BUT IT'S *WAR*, LIEUTENANT! THERE ARE *BULLETS*... AND THE *ENEMY!* SOMEONE IS *BOUND* TO BE KILLED IF *EVERYONE* CARRIED A GOOD-LUCK CHARM. EVERYONE WOULD BE *SAFE*, ACCORDING TO *YOUR* VIEWS...

THEY'RE NOT *MY* VIEWS, MA'AM! I... I TAKE "HAP" WITH ME 'CAUSE, AH...'CAUSE, *EVERYONE* TAKES *SOMETHING!* DON'T YOU SEE...?

BUDDY WAS SAVED FROM THE EMBARRASSMENT OF FURTHER EXPLANATION BY THE SUDDEN HURRIED ENTRANCE INTO THE CANTEEN OF A SQUADRON MATE...

COME ON, BUD! WE'RE GOING UP AGAIN!

WHAT?! BUT... WE JUST CAME *DOWN!* WHY CAN'T SOME OF THE *OTHERS* GO? THE ONES THAT...

COMMUNICATIONS GOT A MESSAGE FROM A FRENCH O.P.! A FLIGHT OF D. XII'S IS HEADED THIS WAY. THEY FIGURE THEY'LL STRAFE OUR PLANES ON THE GROUND! THE C.O. SAYS *EVERYBODY GOES UP!* C'MON!

BUT, I *CAN'T* GO, FRANK...

BUDDY LOOKED AT HIS HALF-SEWN TEDDY BEAR. THEN HE LOOKED AT THE PRETTY RED CROSS GIRL. SHE WAS SMILING AT HIM. HE FLUSHED WITH SHAME...

YOU *GO AHEAD*, LIEUTENANT! I'LL HAVE YOUR...ER... GOOD-LUCK CHARM LOOKING GOOD AS NEW WHEN YOU *GET BACK!*

UH... SURE! TH-THANKS!

YOU'VE GOT *FIVE MINUTES* TO GET IN THE *AIR* BUD!

BUDDY WAS ON HIS WAY FROM THE CANTEEN WHEN HE MET PETE. PETE LOOKED AROUND AS IF THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING...

NO REST FOR THE WEARY, EH, BUDDY? *SAY!* WHERE'S "*HAPPY*"?

IN THERE...GETTING HIS INSIDES SEWN BACK UP! SOME CLOWN BOCHE RIPPED HIM OPEN!

MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T *HEARD!* WE'RE *GOIN' UP* AGAIN! YOU CAN'T GO UP WITHOUT "*HAPPY*"!

SURE I CAN, PETE! YOU *KNOW* I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT *SUPERSTITIOUS HOGWASH!*

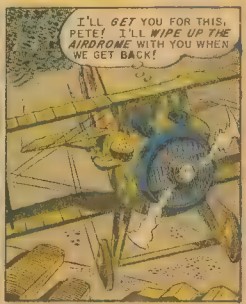
LOOK, PAL! MAYBE *YOU'RE* NOT SUPERSTITIOUS...BUT *I AM!* AND I LIKE HAVING YOU *AROUND*... FOR *LAUGHS!* GO GET THAT *TEDDY BEAR!* YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MEET JERRY WITHOUT *SOMETHING* FOR LUCK!

DON'T BE *SILLY*, PETE! I'M *NOT* GOING BACK FOR "HAPPY"... AND I *AM GOING UP*... SO... OUT OF THE WAY...

BUDDY NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. PETE THREW THE SHORT JOLTING RIGHT TO BUDDY'S JAW AND KNOCKED HIM FLAT... COLD...

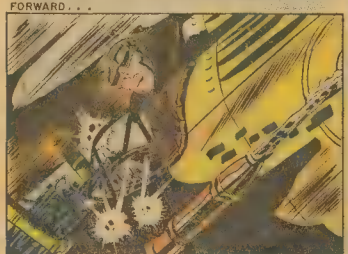
BUDDY CAME TO AS THE SPADS ROARED DOWN THE TARMAC AND INTO THE AIR. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD AND STUMBLED TO HIS FEET...

A MINUTE LATER, BUDDY WAS UPSTAIRS, TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH THE INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON...

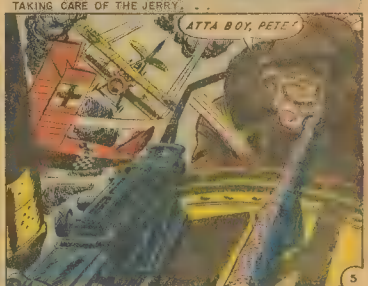


BUDDY WAS HALF A MILE AWAY WHEN THE SQUADRON MET THE ONCOMING HUN CIRCUS. THERE WAS NO JOCKEYING FOR POSITION OR FEELING OUT THE OPPONENT. THERE WAS NO TIME. BOTH FLIGHTS JUST MELTED TOGETHER, MIXING IT UP. BUDDY TORE RIGHT INTO THE MELEE, PICKED OUT A FOKKER TARGET, AND BLAZED AWAY...

ONE MOMENT THE D. VII WAS THERE... THEN THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION... AND THE NEXT MOMENT THE SKY WAS CLEAR IN FRONT OF HIM. SUDDENLY, HOT STEEL RIPPED INTO BUD'S INSTRUMENT PANEL. A FOKKER WAS ON HIS TAIL. HE SHOVED THE STICK FORWARD...

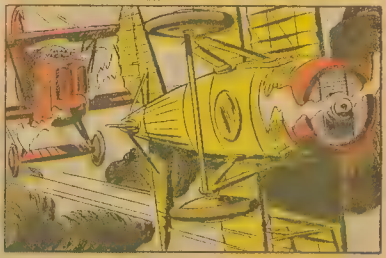


...AND WENT INTO A DIVE, WAITING. BUT NO MORE SLUGS FLEW. BUDDY LOOKED BACK. PETE... GOOD OLD PETE WAS TAKING CARE OF THE JERRY...

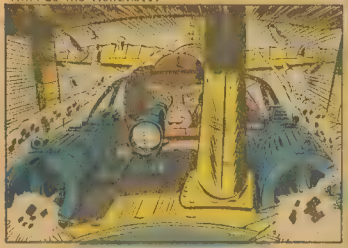


THE FOKKER FELL AWAY, SPITTING BLACK SMOKE. BUDDY SMILED AND WAVED TO HIS SQUADRON MATE, BUT SUDDENLY, HIS SMILE FROZE...

BUDDY POINTED FRANTICALLY. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE D.VII SCREAMED DOWN AT PETE'S SPAD, SPANDAU'S OPEN ALL THE WAY. BUDDY SAW PETE HALF RISE IN HIS SEAT... SAW THE SPAD ROLL OVER LAZILY...

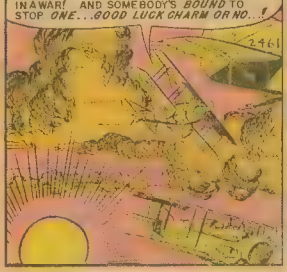


...GO INTO A LONG, LONG SPIN... AND DISAPPEAR IN A FLASH. HE SAW THE JERRY THAT'D GOTTEN HIS PAL, TOO... SAW HIM THROUGH A RED HAZE OF RAGE! HE GUNNED HIS SPAD STRAIGHT AT THE FOKKER... AND TRIPPED HIS VICKERS...



THE FOKKER SHUDDERED, THEN LICKED OUT A TONGUE OF FLAME AND SCREAMED EARTHWARD. BUDDY SHOOK HIS FIST AT IT, TEARS IN HIS EYES...

BUDDY GOT THREE MORE FOKKERS BEFORE THE REMAINING HUNS CALLED IT QUITS AND TOOK OFF WEST. AND, AS BUDDY STICKED HOMEWARD, HE SMILED ACIDLY...



HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY...

SUDDENLY SOMETHING CAUGHT BUDDY'S EYE. SOMETHING BLUE... WITH RUFFLES... AND A PINK ROSEBUD... LOOPED OVER THE STICK... ON THE FLOOR OF THE COCKPIT...

AND THERE WAS A TIGHTNESS IN BUD WILSON'S THROAT AS HE WHISPERED A "THANK YOU" TO HIS DEPARTED PAL...

-THE END-

THE NOVICE AND THE ACE

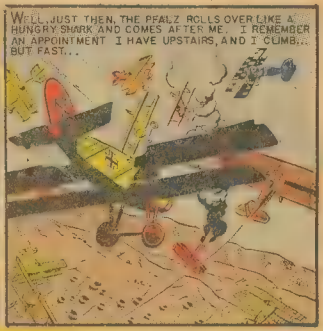
IT'S JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE DAY FOR US ACES OF SQUADRON 9. I SAY "ACES", BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE ARE. THERE ISN'T ONE OF US IN THE AIR TODAY WHO HASN'T BROUGHT DOWN AT LEAST THE FIVE HUN PLANES NECESSARY TO EARN THIS COVETED STATUS. BUT, DON'T THINK THAT I'M BRAGGING. WE'VE BEEN IN THIS SCRAP SINCE 1916. THORNTON DAWES AND I FLEW WITH THE LAFAYETTE, AND THE REST SAW ACTION WITH OTHER FRENCH ESCADRILLES. SO, AS I SAY, IT'S JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE FLIGHT, IF YOU CAN CALL MOVING ALONG OVER ENEMY TERRITORY, LOOKING FOR HUN PLANES, ROUTINE. AND PRETTY SOON WE SEE THEM... DOWN BELOW... FLYING SO NEAT IN FORMATION, IT SEEMED A SHAME, ALMOST, TO HAVE TO BUST IT UP. BUT SQUADRON LEADER HIGGINS WAGS HIS WINGS AT US AND SLIPS OFF, AND WE ALL TEAR DOWN OUT OF THE CLOUDS, CARESSING OUR VICKERS' TRIPS...

THE BOCHE CIRCUS CONSISTS OF ALBATROSS D.V "VEE" STRUTTERS, AND PFALZ D.III SCOUTS. ONE MINUTE, THEY'RE FLYING ALONG WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD. AND THE NEXT MINUTE THEY'RE SCRAMBLING OUT OF OUR TRACER PATHS. I PICK ME A PFALZ OUT OF THE MESS AND CHASE HIM IN AND OUT OF THE COCKEYED JUMBLE OF ROARING WARBIRDS...

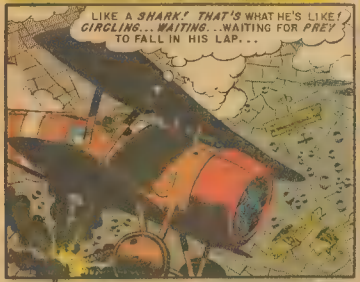
...UNTIL, FINALLY I CATCH HIM ON THE PERIMETER OF THAT MAYEM. HE'S LINED UP DEAD CENTER IN MY SIGHTS... AND I'M READY TO LET GO, WHEN OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SEE IT, AND I TAKE A GOOD LOOK...

THERE'S THIS SINGLE, SOLITARY D III PFALZ, CRUISING AROUND THE BATTLE AREA LIKE HE OWNS IT. BUT WHAT I'M TAKING A GOOD LOOK AT ARE THE PRETTY COLORED CIRCLES ON ITS SIDE! EMBLEMS? AMERICAN... FRENCH... BRITISH... EACH ONE INDICATING A PLANE THE PILOT OF THAT PFALZ HAS SHOT DOWN.

WELL, JUST THEN, THE PFALZ ROLLS OVER LIKE A HUNGRY SHARK AND COMES AFTER ME. I REMEMBER AN APPOINTMENT I HAVE UPSTAIRS, AND I CLIMB... BUT FAST...

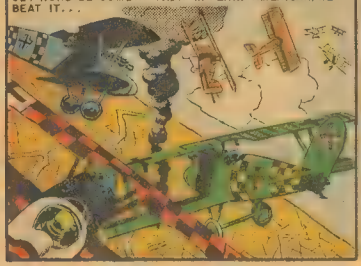


BUT THIS GUY DOESN'T EVEN FOLLOW ME... LIKE I'M BENEATH HIS CONTEMPT. I'M INSULTED... BUT WHO'S GOING TO ARGUE WITH TWENTY SIX "KILLS"...



THIRTY SECONDS LATER I GET COMPANY UPSTAIRS. ERNIE BRUCE HAS JUST SENT AN ALBY DX FLUTTERING DOWN AFTER SHOOTING OFF ONE OF ITS WINGS, WHEN THIS SEPTUPLE-PLUS HEINIE ACE MAKES A PASS AT HIM. ERNIE TAKES ONE LOOK AND CLIMBS...

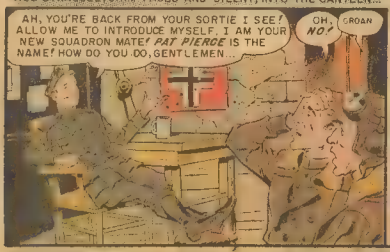
IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE REST OF THE OUTFIT EACH GETS A GANDER AT THIS BOCHE ACE DARTING IN AND OUT. AND NOBODY WANTS TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO ADD TO HIS COLLECTION OF INSIGNIAS. SO, WE ALL GET *HORS DE COMBAT* FAST. IN PLAIN AMERICAN, WE BEAT IT...

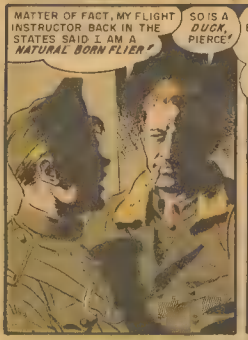


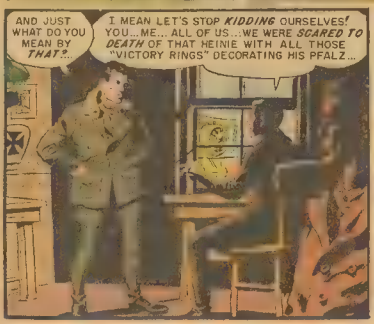
BELIEVE ME, WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE 'DROME, WE'RE ALL FEELING PRETTY ROTTEN. NOBODY'S IN A MOOD TO TALK... AS I SOON FIND OUT...

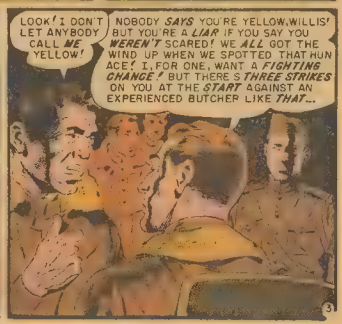
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN HOW WE FEEL, REALLY, THAT HEINIE WITH ALL THOSE "KILLS" PAINTED ON THE SIDE OF HIS PFALZ HAD US PRETTY SCARED. AND IT'S AS IF WE'RE ALL MAD AT EACH OTHER... OR AT OURSELVES... FOR BEING SCARED. SO WE ALL STRAGGLE, GRIM-FACED AND SILENT, INTO THE CANTEEN...

AS IF THINGS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH, THIS HAS TO HAPPEN. HERE'S THIS KID, GREEN AS GRASS, EXUDING CONFIDENCE BY THE GALLON. I'M IN NO MOOD FOR CONFIDENT GREEN KIDS SO I STROLL OVER REAL SLOW...









SO IT'S OUT! WE DON'T LIKE ADMITTING IT, BUT WE *ARE* SCARED! LIKE ART MILBURN SAID, WE GOT THE WIND UP! ANYHOW, THIS PIERCE KID, WHO NEVER EVEN *SAW* A DOG-FIGHT, INSISTS UPON HAVING HIS SAY...

GENTLEMEN! THERE IS *NO ONE SO GOOD*, THAT THERE ISN'T *SOMEONE BETTER*...SOMEWHERE...

WELL, THAT DOES IT! WE'RE ALL ON EDGE AND THIS COCKSURE NOVICE PUSHES US OVER. CHUCK SNYDER, USUALLY THIS NICEST, EASIEST-GOING GUY YOU'D EVER WANT TO MEET, GRABS PIERCE BY THE COAT AND EXPLODES...

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, Y'HEAR! SHUT IT OR I'LL SHUT IT *FOR* YOU...

WELL, SCARED OR NOT, WHEN THE ORDER COMES FOR US TO GO OUT ON PATROL NEXT A.M., WE GO. ME AND ERNIE MUNSON AND... GUESS WHO? THAT'S RIGHT! THE *CONFIDENCE KID* HIMSELF, PIERCE! WE TAKE OFF AT DAWN...

AS IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT, NOW WE GOT A GREEN KID TO NURSEMAID. SURE HE CAN TAKE OFF AND FLY IN A STRAIGHT LINE. BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF WE RUN INTO A HEINIE PATROL... WE DON'T THOUGH! IT'S JUST A LONE PFALZ D III WE SEE BELOW...

ERNIE DIVES. I FOLLOW. THE KID, PIERCE, COMES AFTER ME. BUT ERNIE KEEPS GOING RIGHT PAST THE PFALZ. AND WHEN I REACH IT, I SEE WHY. IT'S THE HUN ACE WITH THE TWENTY-SIX "KILLS"...

I...I GOT NO RIGHT RISKIN' THIS AEROPLANE!

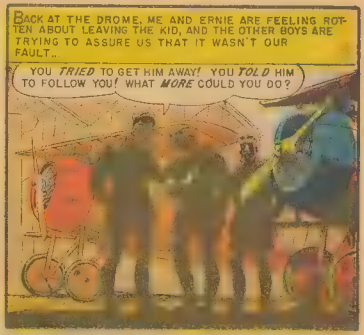
SO I KEEP GOING, TOO! I SEE ERNIE HEAD FOR HOME, AND I KICK RUDDER AFTER HIM. THEN I SEE HIM POINT BACK WILDLY, AND I LOOK BACK AND FEEL SICK.

THAT *LUNATIC!* NO, PIERCE! NO! *GET AWAY FROM HIM! DON'T TANGLE WITH HIM!*

I WAGGLE MY WINGS! I POINT! I SHAKE MY HEAD! I YELL! NATURALLY, THE KID CAN'T HEAR ME, BUT, EITHER HE'S BLIND, OR HE DON'T KNOW FROM FEAR, OR HE'S JUST PLAIN STUPID. HE STAYS TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THE PFALZ. I FEEL PRETTY GUILTY ABOUT LEAVIN' HIM... BUT... LIKE I SAID... NIEUPORTS DON'T GROW ON TREES...

AS ERNIE AND I TAKE OFF, THE KID IS CIRCLING THE HEINIE KILLER LIKE HE'S LOOKING FOR AN OPENING. I'M PRAYING HE'LL SEE THOSE EMBLEMS ON THE SIDE OF THE D. III AND CATCH ON. BUT AS THE TWO PLANES FADE INTO TINY SPECKS BEHIND US, PIERCE IS STILL CIRCLING...

BACK AT THE DROME. ME AND ERNIE ARE FEELING ROTTEN ABOUT LEAVING THE KID, AND THE OTHER BOYS ARE TRYING TO ASSURE US THAT IT WASN'T OUR FAULT...



IT MAKES SENSE, BUT JUST THE SAME, EVERYONE OF US BATTLE-HARDENED ACES SIT ON THE EDGE OF OUR CHAIRS, THINKING ABOUT THAT NOVICE UP THERE AGAINST THAT BOCHE TERROR OF THE SKIES. AND EVERY EAR IS COCKED FOR THE SOUND OF A MOTOR...

I SPILL IT OUT! WHAT I'M THINKING. I SPILL IT OUT AND I DON'T CARE WHO IT HURTS...

WE TEAR OUT ONTO THE FIELD AND SQUINT INTO THE BRIGHT MORNING SUN...

THERE IT IS! I *TOLD* YOU IT WAS NO NIEUPORT! IT'S A *PFALZ!*

WELL IF *THAT* AIN'T A NIEUPORT, I'LL *EAT IT!*

WE'RE BOTH RIGHT. FIRST, THE PFALZ D III COMES DOWN! *THE* PFALZ D.III! THE ONE WITH TWENTY-SIX "KILLS" PAINTED ON ITS SIDE! AND RIGHT BEHIND IT, PAT PIERCE'S NIEUPORT, WITH THE KID HIMSELF AT THE STICK...

WE STAND THERE, GAPING WITH AWE, WAITIN' FOR THE GREAT HEINIE ACE TO CLIMB DOWN FROM HIS OFFICE. BUT NOT PAT PIERCE. HE BOLTS FROM HIS NIEUPORT, STICKS HIS FINGERS IN HIS MOUTH AND GIVES A SHRILL WHISTLE...

OKAY, FRITZ! COME ON DOWN OUT OF THERE! LET'S GO!

WHILE THE HEINIE CLIMBS DOWN, I ASK THE GRINNING KID...

HOW...?

I JUST GOT *BEHIND* HIM... SENT A COUPLE OF *SLUGS* HIS WAY... AND THAT'S ALL THERE WAS *TO* IT!

HOLY COW! THAT JERRY AIN'T HARDLY OLD ENOUGH TO *SHAVE!*

I POINT TO THE EMBLEMS ON THE SIDE OF THE PFALZ...

HEY, FRITZ! HOW COME YOU KNOCKED DOWN ALL THOSE SHIPS? YOU CAN'T BE FLYING *THAT* LONG!

ACH! *NEIN!* I *DON'T* KNOCK THEM DOWN! ONLY *ONE WEEK* I AM FLYING! I *PAINT* ON MEIN SHIP ZOSE EMBLEMS ZO YOU SHOULD THINK I'M *GOOD!* I *FOOLED* YOU, *JAH!*

WE LOOK AT THE SELF-STYLED HUN ACE, AND THEN WE LOOK AT PAT PIERCE. AND HE WINKS AND POINTS TO HIS NIEUPORT...

OF COURSE, WHEN THIS PHONY BALONEY RAN UP AGAINST A *REAL ACE,* HE JUST *MELTED AWAY!* LIKE I *SAID,* GENTLEMEN, THERE'S NO ONE SO GOOD THAT THERE ISN'T SOMEONE BETTER SOMEWHERE...

REAL ACE!? WHO...?

HOLY...

WE ALL STARE AT THE STILL-STICKY BLACK IRON CROSSES PAINTED ON PIERCE'S NIEUPORT! THERE ARE THIRTY OF THEM! AND THEN WE ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND WISH WE COULD FIND A HOLE TO CRAWL INTO!

— THE END —

A few more steps, a quick leap to the cockpit—and it would be done. Almost, Oberlieutenant Karl Von Horst could smile. These Americans were so naive, so trusting. Here and there, scattered about the tarmac of the American 'drome, a dozen of them went about various tasks, and none noted that Von Horst's casual, easy strolling, apparently so completely without direction, had carried him within half a dozen yards of the Spad which stood alone at the far end of the field. This would be almost too easy. But then, he had known almost from the first, when his Fokker had been blasted by the Americans and he had been forced down and taken prisoner, that escape would be easy.

It had happened four days earlier. The Americans had dived out of the sun, catching the German squadron completely unawares. A quick burst of fire from twin Vickers and Von Horst's Fokker had been out of control. He had made a crash landing not five hundred feet from the Americans' field—and they had been waiting. Too many of them. Von Horst had not been fool enough to attempt to shoot his way free. He had smiled gracefully and raised his hands—and it was then that he had known what fools the Americans were. He could still hear the Yankee colonel's words: "After all, we're all officers and gentlemen, Lieutenant. It will be some days before I can arrange for your transfer to a prison camp. Until then, you may be our guest—provided you give me your word as a gentleman that you will not attempt to escape."

This time, Von Horst did smile. His word! The idiots. This was war, and in war a soldier used any weapon that came to hand. He had given his word, of course, and in return he had been permitted the freedom of the 'drome. And he had used his freedom well. To jibe, to jeer, to make mock of the Americans' flying, of their gunnery. Oh, not bluntly, of course. Subtly. So that his words hurt. So that the Yankee Colonel had exploded, at last. What had been his last words? . . . Oh, yes: "All right, Von Horst, that's enough! I'll grant you that our skill may sometimes not be up to that of your fliers. But we haven't been trained for war all our lives. In our country, we strive for peace!"

The Colonel had been upset. Oh, very much upset. He had gone on to say that the Germans had the advantage in time, in length of training, but that one day, soon, the raw American pilots would equal and pass the skill of the Germans. AS if that were possible! These Americans were not suited for war. *They* would not use any weapon—as Von Horst would . . .

Ah! One more step—Lithely, Von Horst leaped to the Spad's stirrup, into the cockpit. His fingers found the unfamiliar controls—and then, suddenly, he froze. Suddenly there was a chatter behind him, and the whine of lead about his ears. He turned, looked up—and the smile died on his lips. The Yankee squadron dove, full strength, one ship after the other, guns blazing . . . There was still the ghost of a smile on Von Horst's lips when he died.

He never knew when the American squadron landed, when the Colonel spoke to his pilots: "Well done, gentlemen. Our gunnery is improving, thanks to Von Horst. I never would have thought of using that old Spad as a practice target if he hadn't kept at us about our sloppy shooting . . ."

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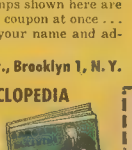

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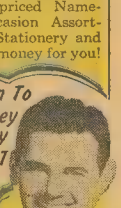

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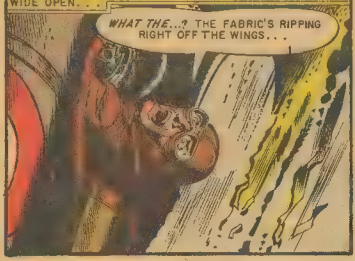
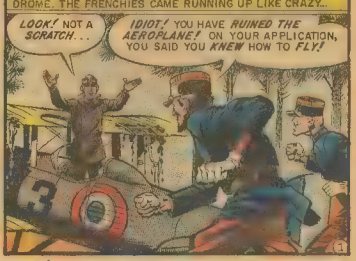
HOME AGAIN

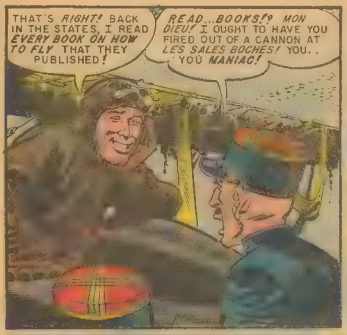
IT WASN'T THAT I WANTED TO FLY. NOT AT FIRST, ANYWAY. IT WAS JUST THAT I'D HAD MY BELLYFUL OF THE MUDDY, COOTIE-INFESTED TRENCHES OF FRANCE. WE WERE THE TOUGH BOYS, WE FOREIGN LEGIONAIRES...SUPPOSEDLY! SO WE WERE ALWAYS UP FRONT, IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHTING... WITH BOCHE SHELLS ZEROING IN ON US AND SHRAPNEL RIPPING MEN APART ALL AROUND ME. ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN THAT! SO, WHILE MY LUCK WAS HOLDING OUT, I PUT IN FOR A TRANSFER TO THE FRENCH AIR FORCE. I STRETCHED THE TRUTH A LITTLE ON THE APPLICATION, AND PESTERED 'EM FOR ALMOST A YEAR, AND FINALLY... IN MAY, 1917... I WAS SENT TO A TRAINING FIELD NEAR PARIS FOR A TRYOUT...

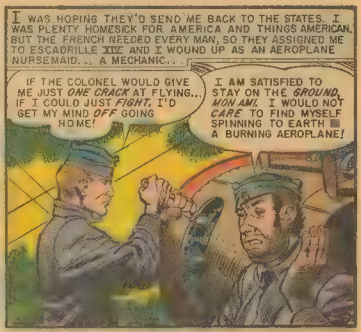
I THOUGHT I'D SHOW THOSE FRENCHMEN I KNEW PLENTY ABOUT FLYING, AND I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT, I GUESS, TILL I WENT INTO A PIQUE WITH MY THROTTLE WIDE OPEN...

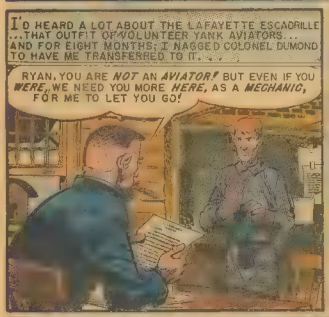


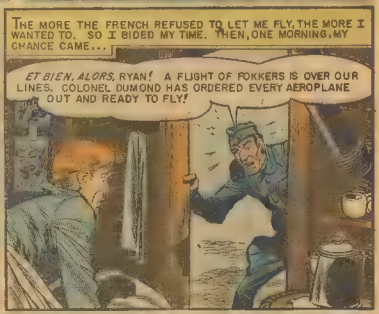
I LEVELED OFF AT TWO HUNDRED FEET, BUT WITH PRACTICALLY NOTHING LEFT ON THE WINGS TO SUPPORT THE CRATE, I PANNED SMACK DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DROME. THE FRENCHIES CAME RUNNING UP LIKE CRAZY...

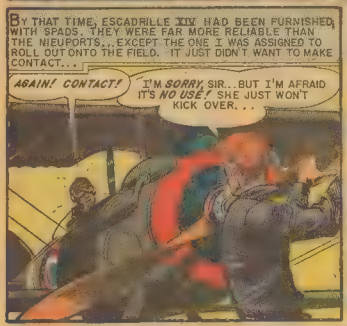


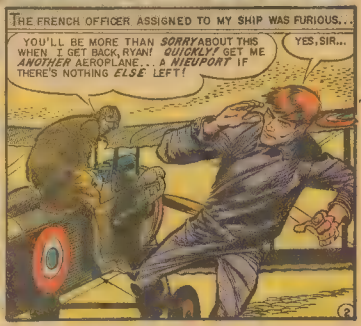

THAT'S *RIGHT!* BACK IN THE STATES, I READ *EVERY BOOK ON HOW TO FLY* THAT THEY PUBLISHED!
READ...BOOKS!? *MON DIEU!* I OUGHT TO HAVE YOU FIRED OUT OF A CANNON AT *LES SALES BOCHES!* YOU.. YOU *MANIAC!*


I WAS HOPING THEY'D SEND ME BACK TO THE STATES. I WAS PLENTY HOMESICK FOR AMERICA AND THINGS AMERICAN, BUT THE FRENCH NEEDED EVERY MAN, SO THEY ASSIGNED ME TO ESCADRILLE XIV AND I WOUND UP AS AN AEROPLANE NURSEMAID... A MECHANIC...
IF THE COLONEL WOULD GIVE ME JUST *ONE CRACK* AT FLYING... IF I COULD JUST *FIGHT*, I'D GET MY MIND *OFF* GOING HOME!
I AM SATISFIED TO STAY ON THE *GROUND, MON AMI.* I WOULD NOT *CARE* TO FIND MYSELF SPINNING TO EARTH IN A BURNING AEROPLANE!

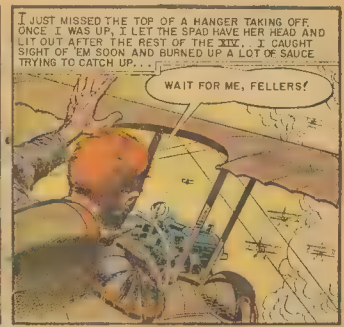

I'D HEARD A LOT ABOUT THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE ...THAT OUTFIT OF VOLUNTEER YANK AVIATORS... AND FOR EIGHT MONTHS, I NAGGED COLONEL DUMOND TO HAVE ME TRANSFERRED TO IT...
RYAN, YOU ARE *NOT* AN *AVIATOR!* BUT EVEN IF YOU *WERE*, WE NEED YOU MORE *HERE*, AS A *MECHANIC*, FOR ME TO LET YOU GO!

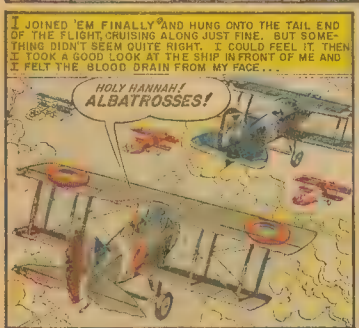

THE MORE THE FRENCH REFUSED TO LET ME FLY, THE MORE I WANTED TO. SO I BIDED MY TIME. THEN, ONE MORNING, MY CHANCE CAME...
ET BIEN, ALORS, RYAN! A FLIGHT OF FOKKERS IS OVER OUR LINES. COLONEL DUMOND HAS ORDERED EVERY AEROPLANE OUT AND READY TO FLY!


BY THAT TIME, ESCADRILLE XIV HAD BEEN FURNISHED WITH SPADS. THEY WERE FAR MORE RELIABLE THAN THE NIEUPORTS... EXCEPT THE ONE I WAS ASSIGNED TO ROLL OUT ONTO THE FIELD. IT JUST DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE CONTACT...
AGAIN! CONTACT!
I'M *SORRY*, SIR... BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S *NO USE!* SHE JUST WON'T KICK OVER...

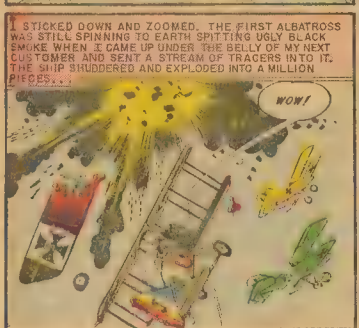

THE FRENCH OFFICER ASSIGNED TO MY SHIP WAS FURIOUS...
YOU'LL BE MORE THAN *SORRY* ABOUT THIS WHEN I GET BACK, RYAN! *QUICKLY!* GET ME *ANOTHER* AEROPLANE... A *NIEUPORT* IF THERE'S NOTHING *ELSE* LEFT!
YES, SIR...

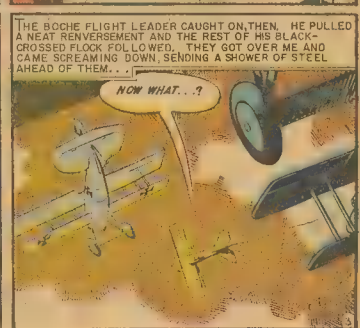
THAT SPAD WAS "HORS DE COMBAT," AS THE FRENCH PUT IT, BECAUSE I'D MADE IT THAT WAY! RIGHT AFTER MY PILOT TOOK OFF IN ANOTHER SHIP, I PULLED THE MAGNITO CAPS FROM MY POCKET AND REPLACED THEM IN THE SPAD'S ENGINE...
YOU AMERICANS ARE MAD! THE COLONEL WILL HAVE YOUR SKIN FOR THIS, RYAN!
I'M NOT WORRIED, GASTON! I MAY NOT EVEN LIVE TO GET BACK! COME ON, NOW! CONTACT!


I JUST MISSED THE TOP OF A HANGER TAKING OFF. ONCE I WAS UP, I LET THE SPAD HAVE HER HEAD AND LIT OUT AFTER THE REST OF THE XIV. I CAUGHT SIGHT OF 'EM SOON AND BURNED UP A LOT OF SAUCE TRYING TO CATCH UP...
WAIT FOR ME, FELLERS!


I JOINED 'EM FINALLY AND HUNG ONTO THE TAIL END OF THE FLIGHT, CRUISING ALONG JUST FINE. BUT SOMETHING DIDN'T SEEM QUITE RIGHT. I COULD FEEL IT. THEN I TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT THE SHIP IN FRONT OF ME AND I FELT THE BLOOD DRAIN FROM MY FACE...
HOLY HANNAH! ALBATROSSES!

I SWALLOWED HARD, AIMED THE NOSE OF MY SPAD DEAD ON THE TAIL OF THE BOCHE PLANE IN FRONT OF ME, AND SQUEEZED MY GUN TRIPS. I DON'T KNOW WHO WAS MORE SURPRISED...ME OR THE PILOT OF THAT ALBY...
WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE! I GOT HIM!


I STICKED DOWN AND ZOOMED. THE FIRST ALBATROSS WAS STILL SPINNING TO EARTH SPITTING UGLY BLACK SMOKE WHEN I CAME UP UNDER THE BELLY OF MY NEXT CUSTOMER AND SENT A STREAM OF TRACERS INTO IT. THE SHIP SHUDDERED AND EXPLODED INTO A MILLION PIECES...
WOW!


THE BOCHE FLIGHT LEADER CAUGHT ON, THEN. HE PULLED A NEAT REVERSEMENT AND THE REST OF HIS BLACK-CROSSED FLOCK FOLLOWED. THEY GOT OVER ME AND CAME SCREAMING DOWN, SENDING A SHOWER OF STEEL AHEAD OF THEM...
NOW WHAT...?

I PUT THE SPAD INTO A VRILLE, LIKE IT SAID IN THE BOOKS I'D READ, SO THE BOCHE WOULD THINK I WAS FALLING OUT OF CONTROL. WHEN I LEVELED OFF, THERE WASN'T AN ALBY ON MY TAIL! I BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF...

WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T FOLLOW ME DOWN AND *FINISH ME OFF?*

THEN I SAW WHY! THE REST OF THE XIV TH HAD SHOWED UP AND WERE NOW ENGAGED IN A SCREAMING DOG FIGHT WITH MY WOULD-BE ASSASSINS...

THANKS, FELLERS! WELL, I'VE DONE *ENOUGH* FOR ONE DAY! THINK I'LL HEAD BACK TO THE 'DROME AND SEE WHAT LUCK I HAVE *LANDING* THIS CRATE...

I MADE A *GOOD LANDING,* ALL RIGHT! IN FACT, I LANDED RIGHT IN THE *GUARD HOUSE!* WHEN THE REST OF THE ESCADRILLE RETURNED AND REPORTED, I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE COLONEL DUMOND...

RYAN! FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, I COULD HAVE YOU *COURT-MARTIALED!*

I COULDN'T *HELP* MYSELF, SIR! I... I WANT TO FLY! IF YOU'D VE LET ME JOIN THE *LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE...*

YOU WILL NOT *INTERRUPT! ALORS...* THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FLIGHT HAVE TOLD ME HOW YOU... SINGLEHANDED... BROUGHT DOWN *TWO ENEMY PLANES.* RYAN? YOU ARE *IMPUDENT* AND *RECKLESS!* BUT... *MALHEUREUX...* WE *NEED* YOU! WE NEED *EVERYONE* WE CAN *GET!* YOU *WANTED* TO FLY, SARGEANT RYAN! YOU *WILL FLY...* WITH THE XIV TH! THE *SPAD* IS *YOURS!*

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW I FELT ABOUT MY PROMOTION. I WAS EAGER TO TAKE TO THE SKIES AGAIN, BUT THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS WERE DUDS... GREY, MISTY AND WET. NOW THAT I WAS OFFICIALLY AN AVIATOR, I ITCHED FOR ACTION. THEN, FINALLY, THE THIRD DAY DAWNED BRIGHT AND CLEAR...

...AND SO, THAT WE MAY MAKE A *STUDY* OF THIS LATEST MODEL ALBATROSS, WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO FORCE ONE TO THE *GROUND,* IF POSSIBLE, *BEHIND OUR LINES!*

THAT IS A *BIG ORDER,* SIR. IT WOULD TAKE A *MIRACLE...*

NEVERTHELESS, *MONSIEUR,* YOU WILL TRY YOUR BEST TO *BRING ABOUT* THAT MIRACLE! *N'EST-CE QUE PAS?* THAT IS ALL! *BONNE CHANCE!*

WE PATROLLED DAY AFTER DAY FOR ALMOST A WEEK BUT THE CLOSEST WE CAME TO TAKING ONE OF THOSE NEW ALBYS "ALIVE" WAS WHEN OUR FLIGHT LEADER, LIEUTENANT JEAN BONELLE, FOLLOWED A CRIPPLED ONE TO THE GROUND. BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, WHEN IT CAME IN, IT STRUCK A TREE STUMP, TURNED OVER, AND CAUGHT FIRE...

IT'LL BURN TO A CRISP! TOUGH LUCK...

I SOON GREW TIRED OF THAT GAME. ONE MORNING, WHEN I SPOTTED A LONE FOKKER SNEAKING BACK TOWARD THE GERMAN LINES, I BROKE FORMATION AND CHASED AFTER IT...

WE WERE A GOOD TEN MILES INSIDE HUNLAND BEFORE I GOT WITHIN MACHINE GUN RANGE. I SENT ALMOST A HUNDRED ROUNDS INTO THE BOCHE SHIP BEFORE ITS ENGINE STARTED SPEWING THAT TELL-TALE BLACK SMOKE.

I FOLLOWED IT DOWN TRIUMPHANTLY AND WATCHED IT PLOW IN. BUT WHEN I TRIED TO PULL OUT OF MY DIVE, MY HISPANO-SUIZA COUGHED A COUPLE OF TIMES AND WENT DEAD...

FEED LINE PROBABLY BROKE!

I MANAGED TO BRING THE SPAD'S NOSE UP, LEVEL OFF, THEN SKIM INTO A WOODS. SHE HIT BETWEEN TWO TREES, SHEARING OFF HER WINGS...

I CLIMBED FROM MY OFFICE UNHURT, AND TOOK OFF QUICK... SCARED THAT A BOCHE PATROL MIGHT COME AROUND TO INVESTIGATE. I WASN'T SURE OF MY DIRECTION UNTIL I CAME OUT OF THE WOODS...

HOLY SMOKE!

THERE, SPREAD OUT BEFORE ME, IN ALL ITS GRIM GLORY, WAS *ALBOSTAFFE ALBATROSS ZIII!* MECHANICS WERE RUSHING AROUND THE APRON, READYING THINGS FOR A FLIGHT. THE SQUADRON LEADER'S SHIP SAT OUT FRONT OF TEN OTHERS... ALL OF THEM, THE NEW TYPE... PROPS SPINNING... READY TO TAKE OFF...

I'M *DREAMING!*

I MOVED IN BEHIND A HANGER, MY HANDS ITCHIN' TO GRAB ONE OF THOSE BIG BIRDS. THE LEAD PLANE'S COCKPIT WAS EMPTY. THE HEINIES SEEMED TO BE WAITING FOR THEIR FLIGHT COMMANDER...

I MUST BE AS LOONEY AS EVERYBODY AT THE XIV TH *SAYS* I AM... EVEN TO BE *THINKING* WHAT I'M THINKING! I WOULDN'T STAND A *CHANCE!*

SOMETHING CAME OVER ME THEN. SOMETHING I COULDN'T CONTROL. A CRAZY KIND OF RECKLESSNESS. SUDDENLY, I WAS WALKING OUT ACROSS THAT APRON... BRAZEN AS YOU PLEASE ...MAKING STRAIGHT FOR THAT EMPTY LEAD ALBATROSS...

...THEN I WAS CLIMBING INTO THE COCKPIT. ...

... AND THE NEXT THING, I WAS RELEASING HER BRAKE PEDALS... THROTTLING HER FORWARD... AND TAKING OFF...

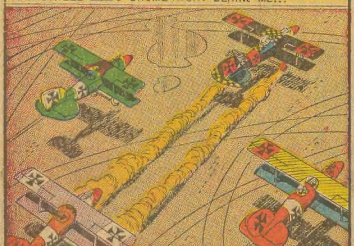
THE REST OF THE ALBYS ROARED AFTER ME AS I CLIMBED FOR ALTITUDE...

THEY SURE MUST BE *SORE!*

THERE I WAS, STREAKING WEST IN A BLACK-CROSSED GERMAN SHIP... WITH TEN OTHERS ON MY TAIL. AND THEY WOULDN'T LET GO... EVEN WHEN WE CROSSED OVER THE ALLIED LINES. I PULLED EVERY STUNT IN THE BOOK, BUT THEY HUNG ON. I WAS PUZZLED THOUGH, THEY NEVER FIRED A SHOT. THEN IT CAME TO ME...

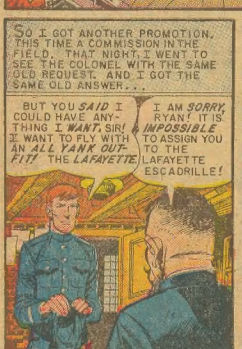
HEY. THEY'RE NOT *CHASING* ME! THEY'RE *FOLLOWING* ME!

WELL, SIR, THE REST IS HISTORY. YOU PROBABLY READ ABOUT IT, THINKING THEY WERE FOLLOWING THEIR FLIGHT LEADER, THE BLINDLY OBEDIANT BOCHES LANDED ON ESCADRILLE XIV'S 'DROME RIGHT BEHIND ME...



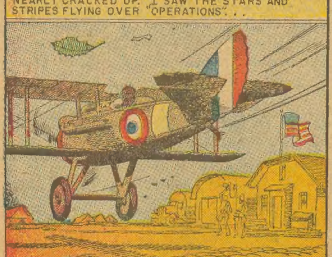
THE BEWILDERED FRENCHMEN TOOK THE WHOLE KIT AND KABOODLE PRISONERS, AND COLONEL DUMOND WAS SO PLEASED, HE KISSED ME REAL WET ON BOTH CHEEKS...

SO I GOT ANOTHER PROMOTION, THIS TIME A COMMISSION IN THE FIELD. THAT NIGHT, I WENT TO SEE THE COLONEL WITH THE SAME OLD REQUEST. AND I GOT THE SAME OLD ANSWER...



THAT TWINKLE IN THE COLONEL'S EYE PUZZLED ME. I WAS HURT. DISAPPOINTED AT NOT HAVING A CHANCE TO FLY WITH THE YANK VOLUNTEERS, ON APRIL 15TH, 1918, I FLEW MY SPAD TO A PLACE CALLED *SUIPPE*...

BUT WHEN I CAME DOWN AT SUIPPE'S 'DROME, I NEARLY CRACKED UP. I SAW THE STARS AND STRIPES FLYING OVER 'OPERATIONS'. . .



...AND, AS I STEPPED FROM MY SPAD ONTO THAT TINY CHUNK OF THE GOOD OLD U.S., I GOT ALL CHOKED UP. . .

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